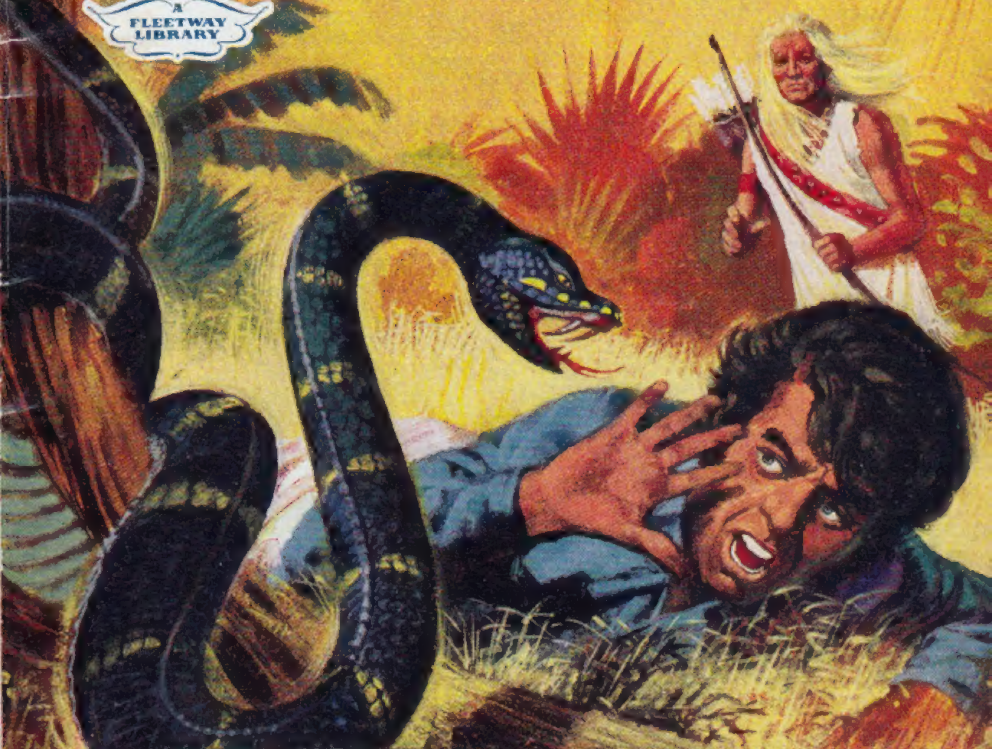


ACTION

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THE SUPERMEN

MEN OF ACTION...

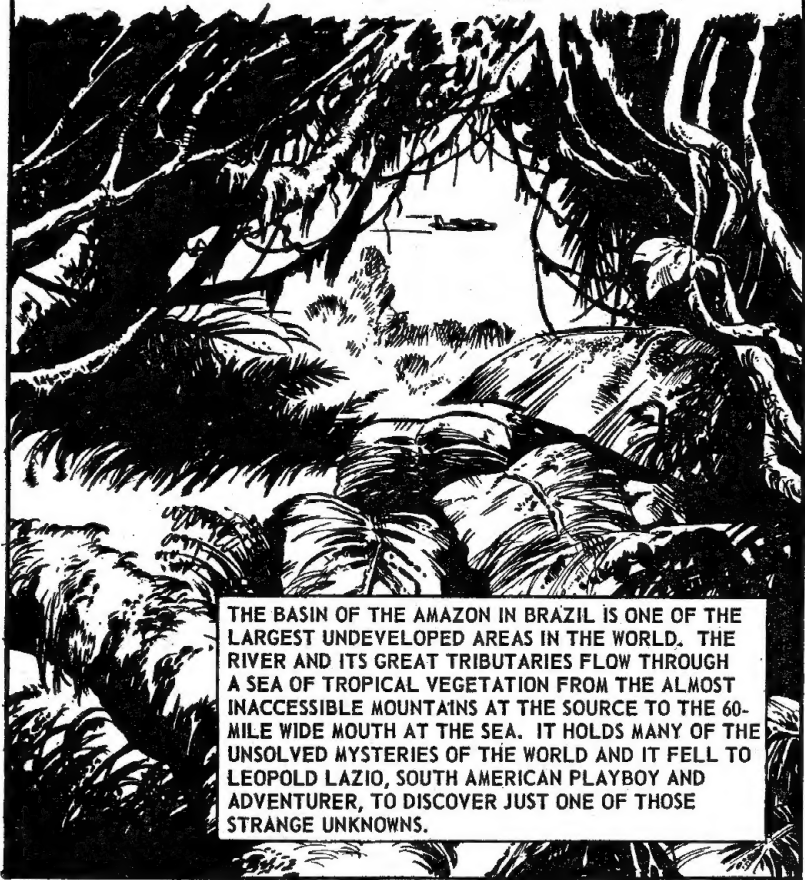
who displayed cool courage in the face of death

In Australia, December and January are two of the hottest summer months—and sixteen-year-old Bill Bissett was enjoying a holiday by the sea. He was exploring the cliff tops with Beverley Broughton, a friend of the family, when the ground gave way beneath the young girl's feet, flinging her headlong into a very rough sea. Ignoring the rocks below the cliff-face, Bill dived in after her, but the waves threw him back on to the shore. Refusing to be beaten by the sea he dived in again and this time managed to reach



the now unconscious girl. Bill knew he could not safely reach shore over the rocks and he was forced to tow the girl to the nearest beach—one and a half miles away. For two hours he struggled in the strong currents and then a shark began to circle slowly around the young couple. Despite this new danger, Bill kept going and after three hours in the water, they reached the beach, where two holidaymakers hauled them to safety. Five months later, Bill Bissett was awarded the George Medal for his courage.

The SUPERMEN



THE BASIN OF THE AMAZON IN BRAZIL IS ONE OF THE LARGEST UNDEVELOPED AREAS IN THE WORLD. THE RIVER AND ITS GREAT TRIBUTARIES FLOW THROUGH A SEA OF TROPICAL VEGETATION FROM THE ALMOST INACCESSIBLE MOUNTAINS AT THE SOURCE TO THE 60-MILE WIDE MOUTH AT THE SEA. IT HOLDS MANY OF THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE WORLD AND IT FELL TO LEOPOLD LAZIO, SOUTH AMERICAN PLAYBOY AND ADVENTURER, TO DISCOVER JUST ONE OF THOSE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

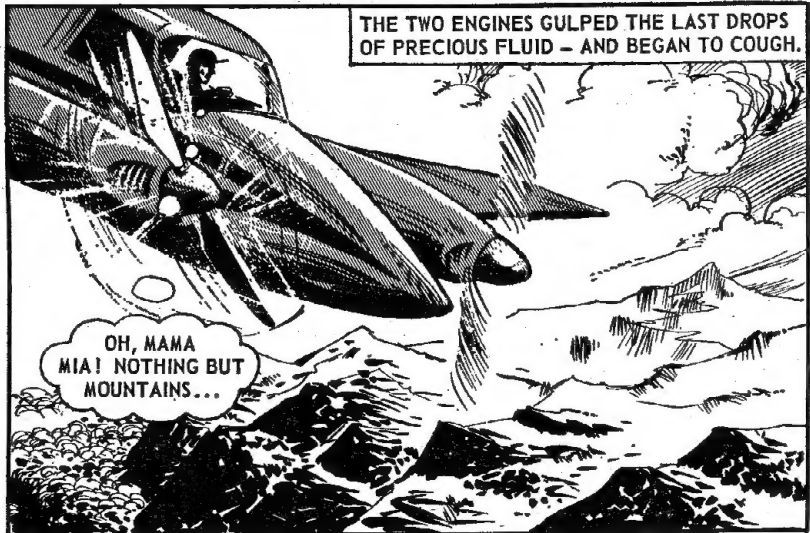
LAZIO WAS FLYING OVER
THE "SEA OF VEGETATION"
IN HIS POWERFUL TWIN-
ENGINE AIRCRAFT WHEN...

FOR PETE'S
SAKE - THE
FUEL TANK SWITCH
IS NOT WORKING!
I'VE GOT TO HAVE
GAS!



THE TWO ENGINES GULPED THE LAST DROPS
OF PRECIOUS FLUID - AND BEGAN TO COUGH.

OH, MAMA
MIA! NOTHING BUT
MOUNTAINS...



THE PLANE GLIDED DOWN, WITH LAZIO DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR A CLEARING - A CLEARING THAT WAS NOT THERE!



BY SOME MIRACLE, THE AIRCRAFT DID NOT BURN IN THE CRASH. BRUISED AND SHOCKED, LAZIO CLIMBED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE.



THEN HE BLACKED OUT. FOR OVER AN HOUR HE LAY THERE, OBLIVIOUS OF THE FOREST - AND ITS DANGEROUS INHABITANTS!



THE SNAKE SLID CLOSER AND LAZIO LAY THERE, PARALYSED WITH FEAR. AND THEN...



BUT WHO -
WHAT...?



A GIANT OF A MAN, SEVEN FOOT TALL, WITH LONG YELLOW HAIR, STARED GRAVELY DOWN AT THE STARTLED YOUNG AIRMAN...



THE STRANGER DID NOT ANSWER. INSTEAD, HE STRODE FORWARD AND EFFORTLESSLY LIFTED LAZIO AS IF HE WERE A CHILD...



ALMOST A YEAR LATER, ALAN DREW AND LEFTY CROCKER, TWO BRITISH NATURALISTS, ALSO FOUND THEMSELVES IN TROUBLE IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE.



THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS PAID GOOD MONEY FOR RARE INSECTS AND BUTTERFLIES.



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE RIVER WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THEIR LAUNCH...



A MONTH'S HARD-GATHERED COLLECTION OF PRECIOUS BUGS HAD PERISHED IN THE LAUNCH.



IT WAS TOUGH-GOING ON FOOT, FOR THE NORMAL HIGHWAYS OF THE JUNGLE COUNTRY WERE THE RIVERS.

WITH A BIT OF LUCK WE MIGHT LIGHT UP WITH ONE OF THE FRIENDLIER TRIBES AND TRADE A CANOE FROM THEM.

IF WE'D ANYTHING TO TRADE! ALAN, WE'RE BROKE! OUR LUCK'S DEAD OUT!

THEN THEY SAW IT - AN UPTURNED CANOE, CARVED OUT OF A SOLID TREE TRUNK, CAUGHT AT A BEND OF THE RIVER.

WHO'S TALKING ABOUT LUCK? HERE, HOLD MY GEAR AND I'LL GO IN AND GRAB IT.



SWIMMING POWERFULLY, ALAN
DRAGGED THE DUG-OUT TO THE BANK.



IT WAS A PACKAGE, WRAPPED IN WATERPROOF AEROPLANE FABRIC. INSIDE
WAS A FLYING LOG BOOK.



LEOPOLD LAZIO HAD AT LAST MADE CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

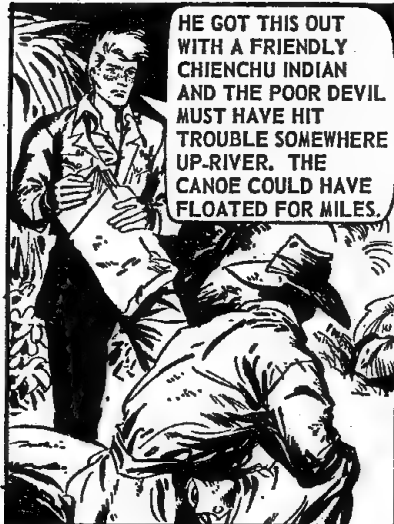
FOR TEN SILENT MINUTES THEY READ WHAT HAD BEEN WRITTEN IN THE BOOK
- AND IT MADE FASCINATING READING!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! HE SAYS
HERE HE'S STILL ALIVE IN THIS PLACE. BUT LOOK
AT THESE DRAWINGS HE'S MADE - HE
MUST BE DREAMING!



OR MAYBE
THE CRASH TURNED
HIM LOONY!
HE'S A PRETTY
GOOD ARTIST,
THOUGH!

HE GOT THIS OUT
WITH A FRIENDLY
CHIENCHU INDIAN
AND THE POOR DEVIL
MUST HAVE HIT
TROUBLE SOMEWHERE
UP-RIVER. THE
CANOE COULD HAVE
FLOATED FOR MILES.



WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
WE CAN DO - GET BACK
TO SANTA PILO AND
BREAK THE NEWS TO
LAZIO'S OLD MAN.



HENRI LAZIO WAS ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN A LAND NOT SHORT OF MILLIONAIRES! COFFEE AND RUBBER HAD BEEN THE MAINSTAY OF THE LAZIO FORTUNE.



ALAN DREW HAD NOT PADDOLED TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A DUG-OUT CANOE FOR NOTHING. HE PUSHED PAST THE MAN-SERVANT...



FRANCO, THE MAN-SERVANT, WENT NO FARTHER THAN THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR...

WE FOUND THIS UP THE AMAZON, SIR. IT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT. FRANKLY, IT MAY BE A HOAX!



HENRI LAZIO READ THE FLYING-LOG IN DEEP SILENCE. THEN...

MY SON CERTAINLY WROTE THIS. IT IS HIS WRITING, HIS MANNER OF DRAWING. IT SURELY MEANS HE IS STILL ALIVE, SOMEWHERE IN THE MATTO GOSSE COUNTRY. COULD THIS BE TRUE?

IT MIGHT BE, SIR.



HE GIVES THE EXACT LOCATION.
BUT WHAT DOES HE DESCRIBE? A
COMPLETELY UNKNOWN RACE OF -
SUPERMEN! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.



SENOR, MY SON WAS FOOLHARDY AND
RECKLESS, BUT HE NEVER LIED!

THE WORLD WILL SAY IT
IS A TRICK. A HOAX - OR
THAT YOUR SON IS CRAZY!



THE WORLD
WILL SAY NOTHING,
BECAUSE THEY WILL
NOT KNOW! I WILL
ARRANGE AN EXPEDITION.
PERHAPS YOU TWO, WHO
KNOW THE JUNGLE,
WOULD BE
INTERESTED?



SENOR, WE
LOST OUR BOAT
AND WE'RE DEAD
BROKE. YOU
PUT UP THE CASH
AND WE'LL GO TO
FIND THE TRUTH -
OR THIS FAIRY-
LAND!



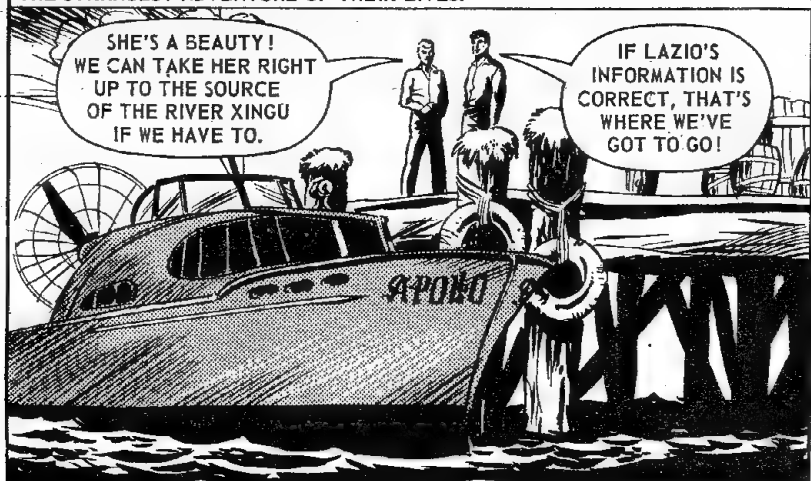
THE OLDER MAN'S HEART WAS LIGHTER. FANTASTIC AS THE STORY SEEMED, THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT HIS SON WAS STILL ALIVE.



FRANCO, THE SERVANT, SLIPPED FURTIVELY INTO THE ROOM AS THE OTHERS LEFT.



WITH MONEY NO OBJECT, ALAN AND LEFTY SET ABOUT FITTING OUT FOR THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF THEIR LIVES.



AND, NATURALLY, HENRI LAZIO WAS TAKING A GREAT INTEREST IN THE PROCEEDINGS—WHICH DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY CHARLIE PEREZ, REPORTER ON THE SANTA PILO GAZETTE.



PEREZ, ALWAYS THE MAN WITH A KEEN NOSE FOR A STORY, TOOK A STROLL DOWN THE WHARF AS THE MILLIONAIRE DROVE AWAY.

HI, HOW'S THE BUG-CHASING, FELLERS? GOT YOURSELF A NEW BOAT, EH? THE APOLLO? SAY, WASN'T THAT THE NAME OF THE PLANE LAZIO'S SON DITCHED IN?

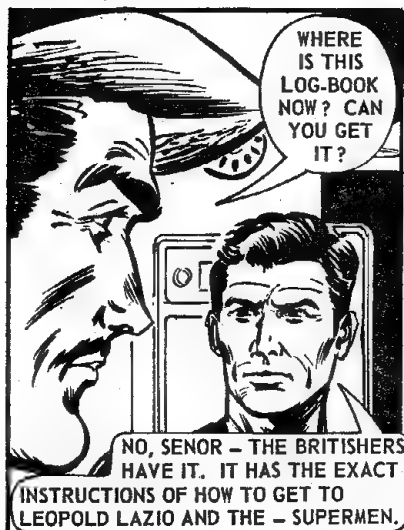
WAS IT? BUZZ OFF, CHUM - WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

THE REPORTER CALLED ON HENRY LAZIO NEXT...

COULD IT BE THERE IS NEWS OF YOUR BOY, SENOR? YOU SEEM INTERESTED IN THOSE TWO BRITISHERS WITH THE BOAT NAMED APOLLO...

PLEASE, LEAVE MY HOUSE. I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO THE PRESS.

BUT THERE WAS ONE MAN IN THE HOUSE WILLING TO SPEAK – FOR A PRICE. FRANCO PULLED PEREZ INTO THE KITCHEN AND TALKED OF THE FLYING-LOG HE HAD SEEN.



THAT NIGHT, PEREZ MADE A QUIET
CALL ON THE APOLLO - A VERY
QUIET CALL.

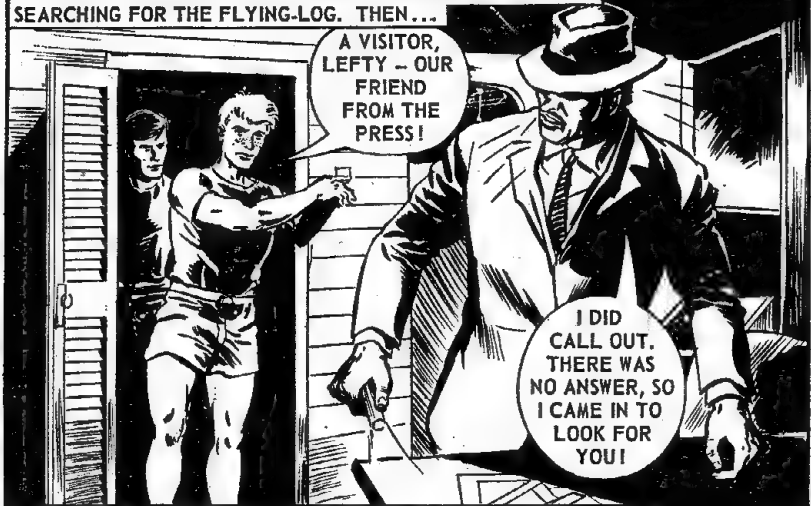


HELLO,
THERE! ANYBODY
ABOARD?



STUPID!
LEAVING THE
BOAT UNGUARDED!
ANYBODY COULD
STEAL
ANYTHING!

HIS PENCIL-THIN LIGHT BEAM SWEEPED OVER THE CHART DESK
SEARCHING FOR THE FLYING-LOG. THEN...



A VISITOR,
LEFTY - OUR
FRIEND
FROM THE
PRESS!

I DID
CALL OUT.
THERE WAS
NO ANSWER, SO
I CAME IN TO
LOOK FOR
YOU!

LEFTY GAVE A SCORNFUL LAUGH, MARCHED THE PROTESTING NEWSMAN ON DECK – AND HEAVED HIM OVER THE SIDE...



THE ANGRY MAN SURFACED, SPITTING WATER AND CURSES...



THE APOLLO WAS ALREADY HEADING UP THE RIVER XINGU WHEN THE STORY HIT THE FRONT PAGES OF THE WORLD'S PRESS. CHARLIE PEREZ HAD MADE THE MOST OF THE STORY AND IT SPREAD RAPIDLY.



NATURALLY, THERE WERE MANY DOUBTERS.



ANSWERING A SUMMONS TO HIS EDITOR'S OFFICE, CHARLIE PEREZ FOUND THE NEWSPAPER'S PROPRIETOR THERE, TOO.



MORE THAN THAT! IF THEY EXIST, I WANT YOU TO BRING BACK ONE OR TWO OF THESE SO-CALLED SUPERMEN. IF THEY CAN RUN AND JUMP LIKE YOU SAY THEY CAN - I CAN TRAIN THEM FOR THE NEXT OLYMPICS!



PEREZ WAS FIERCELY EXCITED...

EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD IS LAUGHING AT YOUR BIG STORY, PEREZ! OKAY, SHOW THAT THE LAUGH IS ON THEM! YOU CAN HAVE MY LAUNCH AND ITS CREW.



MEANWHILE, ALAN AND LEFTY HAD MADE STEADY PROGRESS UP THE XINGU. THEY WERE IN NO HURRY.

CHIENCHU
VILLAGE UP AHEAD.
WE KNOW THE HEADMAN
PULL IN AND WE'LL SPEND
TOMORROW BUG-
HUNTING.

NOTHING
LIKE MIXING
BUSINESS WITH
PLEASURE,
EH?

CHARLIE PEREZ, STARTING LATER IN THE DA SILVA HYDRO LAUNCH HAD TO MAKE BETTER TIME.

HOLD HARD,
HOOKY! THEY'RE
STOPPING
AT THE NEXT
VILLAGE.

BE
SQUATTING
THERE FOR
THE NIGHT,
I SHOULDN'T
WONDER,
BOSS!

THEY PULLED INTO THE BANK, SHORT OF THE VILLAGE.

WE'LL SIT
IT OUT HERE
UNTIL IT'S DARK.
REMEMBER,
NO VIOLENCE UNLESS IT'S
NECESSARY. AND ALL I
WANT IS THAT
LOGBOOK!

WE'LL HAVE
NO TROUBLE,
BOSS!



THAT NIGHT, CHARLIE LEFT HIS LAUNCH AND LED HIS THREE STRONG-ARM MEN FORWARD BY A JUNGLE PATH. THE NOISE THEY MADE ALARMED MORE THAN THE MILLIONS OF INSECTS AND JUNGLE WILD-LIFE.

WHITE MEN -



ALAN AND LEFTY HAD BEEN INVITED TO DINNER WITH THE HEADMAN, WHEN THE INDIAN SENTRY BURST IN ON THEM.

CHILU SAY FOUR WHITE MEN WITH HAND GUNS COMING THROUGH JUNGLE. THEY LEAVE BOAT WITH MAGIC ENGINE DOWN RIVER.

THE DEVIL THEY DID! COME ON, LEFTY.

PEREZ AND HIS THUGS WENT STRAIGHT TO THE RIVER BANK WHERE THE APOLLO WAS MOORED.

DREW! CROCKER!
IT'S ME, CHARLIE PEREZ.
COME ON DECK WITH
YOUR HANDS UP. JUST
GIVE US NO TROUBLE.

PLAYING IT SLEEPY-EYED, ALAN CAME OUT ON DECK.



PEREZ!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT? I
THOUGHT WE LEFT
YOU BACK IN
SANTA PILO.

I WANT THAT
LOG-BOOK AND ANY
FIREARMS YOU HAVE.
HAND 'EM OVER!



I'LL
GIVE YOU
NO TROUBLE,
PEREZ - IF
YOU AND YOUR
THUGS DROP
YOUR GUNS -
PRONTO!

WE'RE NOT
JOKING! TELL
HIM TO COME
OUT WITH HIS
HANDS UP.



THAT'S NOT SO EASY.
HE'S UP THAT TREE BEHIND
YOU, WITH A SHAKY
TRIGGER-FINGER!

HOWDY,
MISTER
PEREZ.

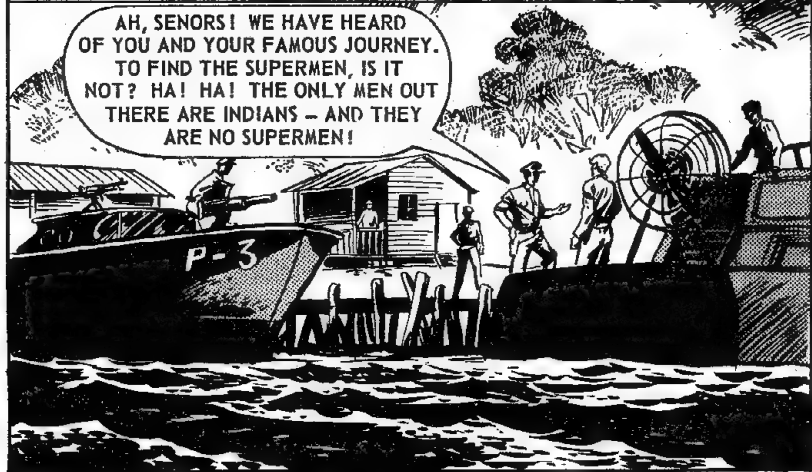


AT DAWN NEXT MORNING, THE APOLLO SWUNG OUT INTO THE CENTRE OF THE RIVER AND HEADED WEST. NOT FAR BEHIND THEM WAS PEREZ'S CRAFT...



AT ALMOST THE LAST RIVER STATION ON THE NAVIGABLE RIVER, ALAN AND LEFTY PULLED IN TO REPORT TO THE RIVER POLICE STATION.

AH, SENORS! WE HAVE HEARD
OF YOU AND YOUR FAMOUS JOURNEY.
TO FIND THE SUPERMEN, IS IT
NOT? HA! HA! THE ONLY MEN OUT
THERE ARE INDIANS - AND THEY
ARE NO SUPERMEN!



ALL RIGHT, JOSE, HAVE YOUR
LAUGH! JUST WAIT UNTIL WE COME
BACK. NOW STAMP OUR LOG-BOOK
AND LET US BE ON OUR WAY!



HO! HO!
I'LL BE
WAITING EAGERLY,
SEÑOR DREW.



CHARLIE PEREZ WATCHED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...



IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING WHEN PEREZ'S HYDRO-FOIL SUDDENLY ROARED INTO ACTION - STRIKING AT THE POLICE POST AS IT SPED BY...

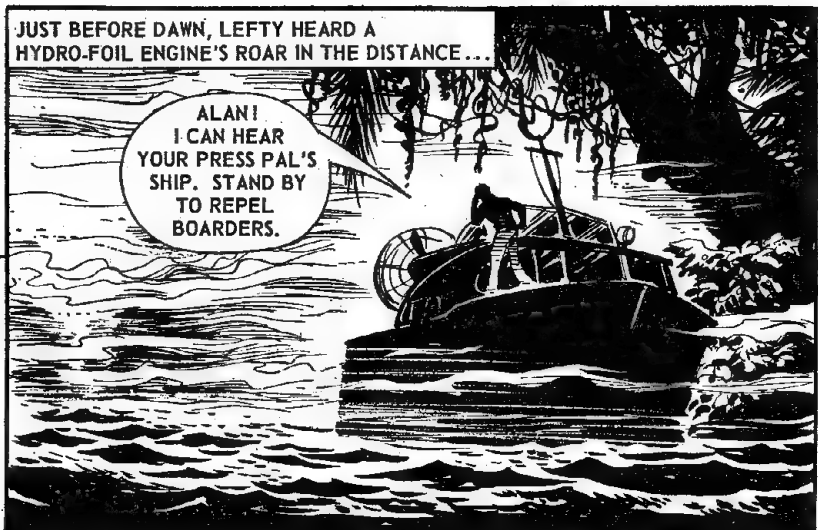


THE INSPECTOR SHOT OUT OF HIS BED AND GAVE A CRY OF RAGE...



JUST BEFORE DAWN, LEFTY HEARD A
HYDRO-FOIL ENGINE'S ROAR IN THE DISTANCE...

ALAN!
I CAN HEAR
YOUR PRESS PAL'S
SHIP. STAND BY
TO REPEL
BOARDERS.



BUT THE APPROACHING LAUNCH DID NOT STOP.

DARN IT!
THEY'RE GETTING
AHEAD OF US.
WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH
EVERY STEP OF THE
WAY NOW UNTIL WE CAN
LOSE THEM IN THE
MATTO GOSSE
AREA.



THERE WAS ANOTHER VESSEL NOT FAR BEHIND PEREZ'S HYDRO-FOIL. IT WAS THE POLICE LAUNCH!

SO! THERE YOU ARE! DO NOT MOVE - WE HAVE YOU COVERED.

WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'VE ALREADY CHECKED THROUGH.

THE CHARGE ASTOUNDED THEM.

WOUNDING A POLICEMAN AND SETTING FIRE TO THE POLICE-POST! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, INSPECTOR? WHY SHOULD WE DO A FOOL THING LIKE THAT?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW. MAYBE BECAUSE I MAKE FUN OF YOU, PERHAPS!

AND THEN ALAN UNDERSTOOD!



TO LEAVE THE BOAT AND THE PRECIOUS FLYING-LOG AT THE MERCY OF ONE POLICEMAN WAS MORE THAN ALAN WAS PREPARED TO DO. HE CHOPPED DOWN ON THE INSPECTOR'S GUN WRIST.



ONE OF THE RIVER-POLICE ABOARD THEIR LAUNCH SWUNG THE MACHINE GUN TOWARDS THE APOLLO - BUT ALAN WAS TOO QUICK FOR THEM!



THE HYDRO-FOIL BEGAN TO GATHER SPEED – AND ALAN DUMPED THEIR HOSTAGE – IN THE RIVER!



THE THREE-POUNDER GUN MOUNTED FORWARD ON THE POLICE-LAUNCH WAS ALWAYS KEPT LOADED...



THEY HEARD THE ROUND SHRIEK PAST EVEN ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE HYDRO-FOIL'S ENGINE.



THERE WAS ONE MORE SHOT, BUT THE RANGE WAS WIDENING AND THE POLICEMEN'S ACCURACY DETERIORATING.



PEREZ AND HIS CREW HAD NOT GONE FAR, FOR THEIR PLAN HAD CALLED FOR A QUICK RACE BACK TO THE ABANDONED APOLLO.



TEN MILES UP THE RIVER...



CHARLIE PEREZ WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE WHICH CHANNEL TO TAKE. BUT THE POLICE INSPECTOR HAD TO GUESS...

KEEP TO THE MAIN CHANNEL. THEY SET FIRE TO MY BARRACKS AND THEN INSULT ME, AN INSPECTOR OF POLICE, BY THROWING ME INTO THE RIVER. I WILL FOLLOW THEM TO THE PACIFIC IF I HAVE TO!



IT WAS A WEEK LATER, A WEEK OF NAVIGATING A RIVER SWOLLEN WITH RAINS BEFORE ALAN AND LEFTY SIGHTED THE MOUNTAIN RANGES OF THE MATTO GOSSE.



THERE IT IS!
SOMEWHERE IN THAT
LOT IS LEOPOLD LAZIO -
AND HIS AMAZON MEN.
IF THEY EXIST!

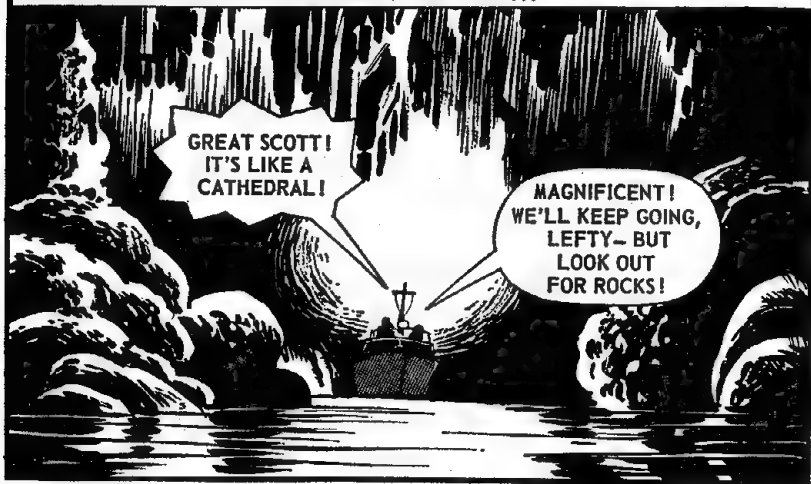
IF THEY
DON'T, I'LL
BURST INTO
TEARS AFTER
A JOURNEY
LIKE THIS!

SLOWLY, THEY PUSHED FORWARD, FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE FLYING-LOG.



BY HECK - THERE IT IS! THE OPENING IN THE CLIFFS. THE RIVER TRIBUTARY MUST RISE SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN RANGE AND GET OUT BY THAT TUNNEL.

EXCITEDLY THEY GUIDED THE BOAT INTO THE CAVE MOUTH. FOR SOME YARDS IT FLOWED THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGE. AND THEN...



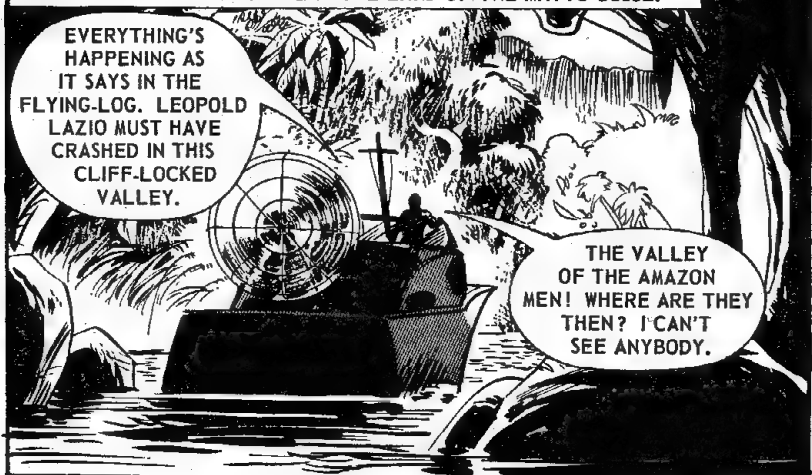
**GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S LIKE A
CATHEDRAL!**

**MAGNIFICENT!
WE'LL KEEP GOING,
LEFTY- BUT
LOOK OUT
FOR ROCKS!**

THE GREAT CAVERN NARROWED DOWN INTO A TUNNEL AGAIN AND THEIR SEARCHLIGHT PROBED THE DARKNESS...



FINALLY THEY EMERGED INTO A NORMAL-LOOKING WORLD AGAIN. AS NORMAL AS ANYTHING CAN BE IN THE LAND OF THE MATTO GOSSE.



BUT THEY WERE UNDER OBSERVATION
FROM THE MOMENT THEY EMERGED
INTO THE OPEN AIR...



LOOK!
THERE'S ONE
OF THEM,
LEFTY - UP
IN THAT
TREE!

I'LL GET
MY GUN -
JUST IN CASE
THEY'RE
HOSTILE!



EVEN AT A DISTANCE, THE MAN IN THE TREE SEEMED
A GIANT. AND THEN HE DIVED INTO THE RIVER...



PUT THE
GUN AWAY,
LEFTY - WE'RE
SAFE FOR THE
MOMENT.

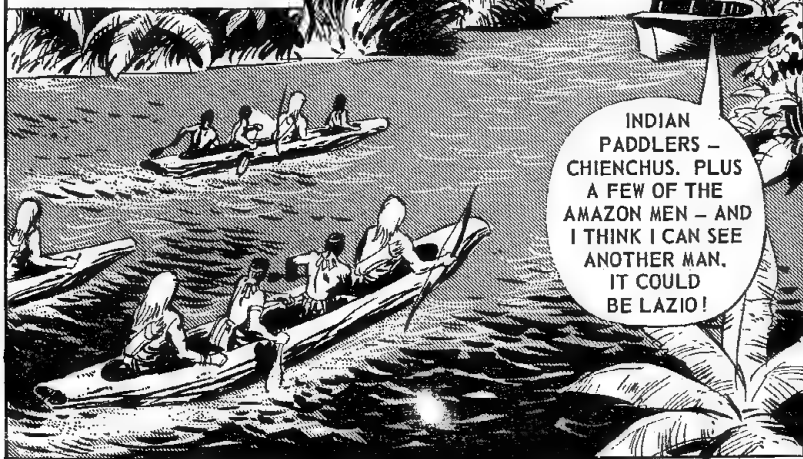
THE FAIR-HAIRED MAN CUT THROUGH THE WATER AT A TERRIFIC PACE, USING A POWERFUL CRAWL STROKE.



COR! HE MUST HAVE DONE THAT STRETCH IN RECORD TIME. NOW HE'S GOING TO WARN HIS PALS!



THEY DECIDED TO WAIT WHERE THEY WERE. BUT IT WAS TWO HOURS BEFORE THEY SAW THE CANOES PADDLING TOWARDS THEM...



IT WAS LEOPOLD LAZIO - BUT HIS GREETING WAS COOL.



I HAVE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME. DO NOT WORRY, THOUGH. NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU. YOU MAY START UP THAT THING AND COME UP-RIVER TO OUR VILLAGE.



START HER UP, LEFTY. AND, FOR PETE'S SAKE, PUT THAT GUN AWAY. WE'RE IN NO DANGER.

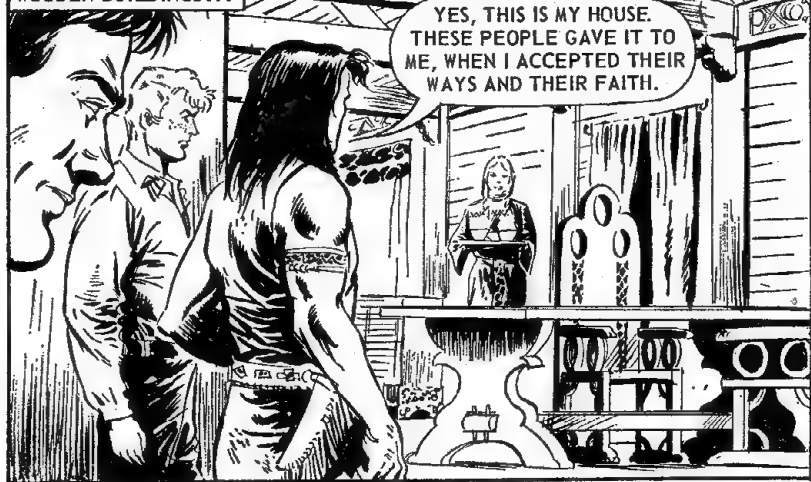
NO? I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL THIS A ROYAL WELCOME!



A LONG WAY UP-RIVER THEY CAME TO THE VILLAGE. THE WOODEN HOUSES LOOKED COMPLETELY OUT OF PLACE IN THE MATTO GOSSE. YET, SOMEHOW, FAMILIAR TO ALAN DREW.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN LED THE WAY INTO ONE OF THE STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED WOODEN BUILDINGS...



AS THEY SIPPED THE HONEY-BASED DRINK, ALAN QUICKLY TOLD OF THEIR BACKGROUND AND THE REASON FOR THEIR QUEST. LAZIO NODDED SLOWLY.



SO MY FATHER KNOWS. THAT IS GOOD. YOU SEE, I CRASHED HERE AND WAS PICKED UP BY THE 'RED PEOPLE' - THEY CALL THEMSELVES THAT IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE. IN THE BEGINNING, I WANTED ONLY TO GET AWAY.

I ARRANGED TO SEND MY NOTES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD BY AN INDIAN MESSENGER. LATER, I REALISED THAT WAS A MISTAKE, FOR IT WOULD ONLY BRING OUTSIDERS. MEN WHO WOULD WANT TO ALTER THE PARADISE I HAVE FOUND.



PARADISE OR NOT, IT IS CERTAINLY SOMETHING OUT OF THIS WORLD. WHERE DID THE RED PEOPLE COME FROM?

THEIR BUILDINGS ARE FAINTLY SCANDINAVIAN. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT IN THE PAST, SOME VIKINGS MADE THEIR WAY TO THIS VALLEY.



BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT, HOW
DID THEY GROW SO BIG, AND KEEP
THEIR BREED PURE?

NOW AND AGAIN THEY TAKE THE
LIGHTER-SKINNED INDIAN WOMEN AS
WIVES. BUT THE CHILDREN WITH THE
PREDOMINANT INDIAN STRAIN ARE SENT
AWAY. THE ONES WHO TAKE AFTER
THEIR FATHERS REMAIN. LIKE MILDA
HERE. HER MOTHER WAS INDIAN.

AFTER THEY HAD EATEN A WELL-COOKED MEAL...

THIS IS FINE -
BUT IT ISN'T YOUR HOME.
WE CAN TAKE YOU BACK,
SENOR LAZIO.

THIS IS MY HOME AND
I WILL NEVER LEAVE IT
NOW. MILDA IS MY
WIFE AND WE WILL RAISE
OUR CHILDREN IN THIS
VALLEY OF PEACE.

I WANT YOU TO GO BACK AND TELL MY FATHER I HAVE AT LAST FOUND THE HAPPINESS I HAVE SOUGHT FOR YEARS. HE WILL UNDERSTAND. AND THEN, SENOR, FORGET YOU WERE EVER HERE!



GOSH, YOU'RE ASKING A LOT, SENOR LAZIO!

I MUST HAVE YOUR PROMISE ABOUT THIS. OTHERWISE, NEITHER OF YOU WILL EVER LEAVE THIS VALLEY AGAIN!



THAT'S A THREAT YOU'D FIND HARD TO KEEP, MISTER!

LAZIO SUDDENLY CALLED OUT IN A STRANGE LANGUAGE AND THE RED PEOPLE BEGAN TO MOVE IN...

YOU FORCE ME TO CARRY OUT MY THREAT. I TELL YOU, I AM WILLING TO DO ANYTHING. ANYTHING TO KEEP THE VALLEY FREE AND UNTAINTED!



WE CAME ASHORE UNARMED, TRUSTING YOU, LAZIO...

AT THAT TENSE MOMENT, A DISTANT SHOT
DISTURBED THE PEACE OF THE VALLEY...

WHAT'S
THAT?

CHARLIE PEREZ! HE MUST
HAVE FOLLOWED US IN! LAZIO,
YOU HAVE A GREATER ENEMY IN
YOUR VALLEY NOW THAN
WE'LL EVER BE!

THIS IS
A DISASTER!
THESE STRANGERS
MUST BE
CAUGHT!

ALAN AND LEFTY RAN TO THEIR HYDRO-FOIL AND RACED DOWNSTREAM.
PEREZ HAD ALREADY KILLED ONE OF THE RED PEOPLE AND CAPTURED
ANOTHER.

THIS IS
FANTASTIC!
THINK WHAT A
SCOOP IT'LL BE WHEN
WE TAKE THIS
SPECIMEN
BACK!

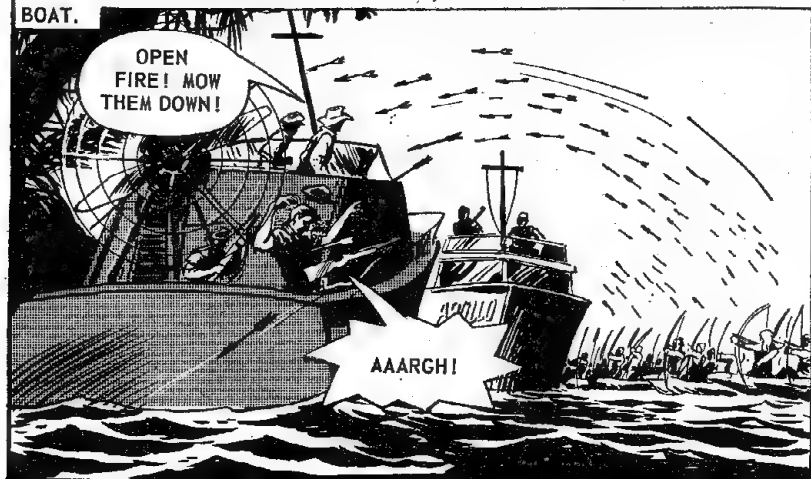
ALAN DREW'S EYES BLAZED...



YOU MUST BE JOKING, DREW! DON'T FORGET I'VE GOT MORE GUNS THAN YOU - OR THESE SUPERMEN!



LEOPOLD LAZIO AND THE RED PEOPLE HAD REACHED THE SPOT. THEIR ARROWS FLEW OVER THE TOP OF ALAN AND LEFTY, AND FOUND A TARGET IN PEREZ'S BOAT.



CHARLIE PEREZ PANICKED...



PEREZ ROARED INTO THE INNER CHANNEL FIRST – AND AS ALAN FOLLOWED THE SOUTH AMERICANS HAD PREPARED AN AMBUSH FOR HIM...



ALAN GUNNED THE ENGINE, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE FUSILLADE BY SHEER SPEED.



IN THE CONFUSION, PEREZ'S CAPTIVE,
WHO HAD RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS,
SEIZED HIS OPPORTUNITY...



THE MAN DIVED DEEP
AND BEGAN TO SWIM
UNDERWATER LIKE A
FISH...



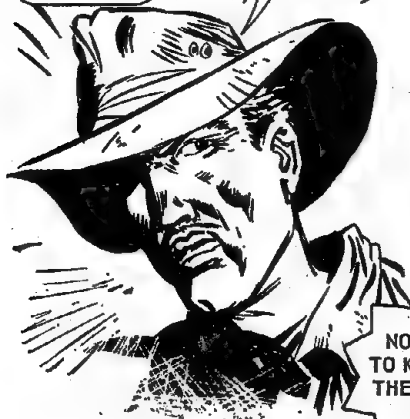
AS PEREZ SWUNG HIS HYDRO-FOIL AFTER HIS QUARRY -
THE POLICE LAUNCH STORMED ON TO THE SCENE...



THE INSPECTOR WAS STANDING NO NONSENSE THIS TIME...



CARAMBA! NOW THE FOOLS OF POLICE BUTT IN! I WILL NOT GIVE UP WHAT I HAVE FOUND. FIGHT THEM OFF.



TWO BULLETS SANG WITHIN INCHES OF THE INSPECTOR'S HEAD...




THE POLICE 3-POUNDER GUN BARKED,
THE NOISE SOUNDING DEAFENING IN
THE CATHEDRAL-LIKE CAVE...



THE NEXT SHELL SMASHED INTO THE
HULL OF PEREZ'S LAUNCH. BUT AT
THE SAME TIME, THERE WAS A RUMBLING
ROAR FROM HIGH IN THE CAVERN.



SUDDEN, TOTAL CATASTROPHE STRUCK! THE VIOLENT CRASH OF THE GUN HAD CRACKED THE VERY STRUCTURE OF THE CAVERN. THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK CASCADED DOWN - AND PEREZ'S BOAT WAS RIGHT UNDERNEATH!



**INSPECTOR!
FOR PETE'S
SAKE, GET OUT
OF HERE!**

THE OTHER TWO VESSELS WERE ONLY ON THE EDGE. OF THE DISTURBANCE, YET THEY ONLY NARROWLY ESCAPED DESTRUCTION, TOO, AS THEY RACED FOR THE EXIT...

OUTSIDE, THE INSPECTOR WIPED THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD.

MADRE MIA!
WE GOT OUT JUST
IN TIME! THE WHOLE
LOT CAME DOWN
AT THE END.

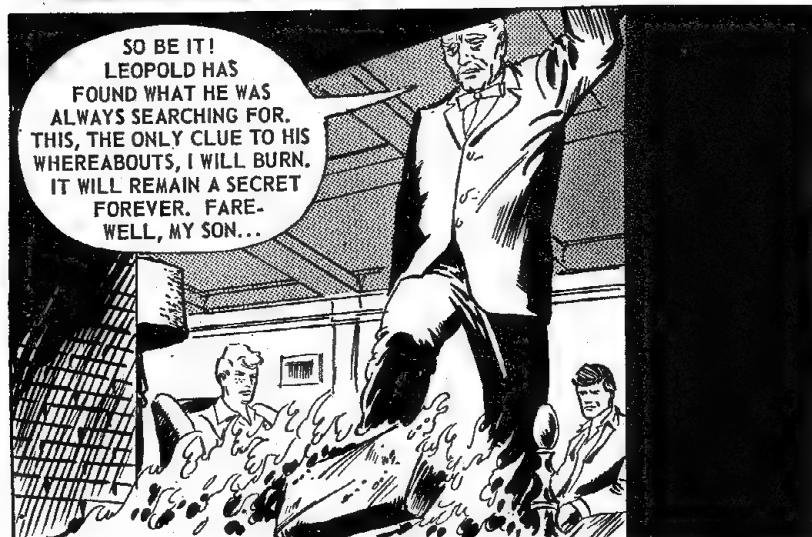
AND PEREZ
AND HIS MEN
PAID FOR THEIR
CRIME - THE
HARD WAY.

ALAN WAS WAITING FOR THE INSPECTOR'S NEXT QUESTION. HE DID NOT MAKE A HABIT OF TELLING LIES, BUT THIS ONCE...

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING IN
THERE ANYWAY,
SENOR DREW?

PEREZ WAS
HIDING FROM
YOU, INSPECTOR -
AND WE'D GONE IN
AFTER HIM.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN SANTA PILO, THEY REPORTED TO HENRI LAZIO.



AIR ARREST

SERGEANT JACK DAWSON OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE WAS USING MODERN TRANSPORT TO TAKE HIS PRISONER BACK FOR TRIAL...



THE TWIN-ENGINE SKI-PLANE STREAKED ACROSS THE FROZEN LAKE...



OVER THE SEEMINGLY LIMITLESS FORESTS THE PLANE DRONED AND ALL THE TIME, KLASKI GOT MORE AND MORE RESTLESS. AT LAST...



THE BURLY PRISONER STRUGGLED LIKE A MADDENED GRIZZLY...



BUT THERE WAS CUNNING METHOD
IN KLASKI'S MADNESS...



NEXT MOMENT...



KLASKI REACHED FOR ONE OF THE PARACHUTE PACKS STORED BENEATH THE PLANE'S SEATS...



BUT THE CROOK IGNORED HIM AND STRUGGLED INTO THE PARACHUTE HARNESS... AND THEN BACKED TO THE DOOR...



IT TOOK QUITE AN EFFORT FOR KLASKI TO OPEN THE DOOR AGAINST THE SLIPSTREAM. BUT AS HE DID SO, THE PLANE LURCHED VIOLENTLY...



THE PILOT RIGHTED THE PLANE ... AND INSTEAD OF FALLING FREE, KLASKI WAS FLUNG AGAINST THE FUSELAGE, HIS PARACHUTE PACK BREAKING LOOSE.



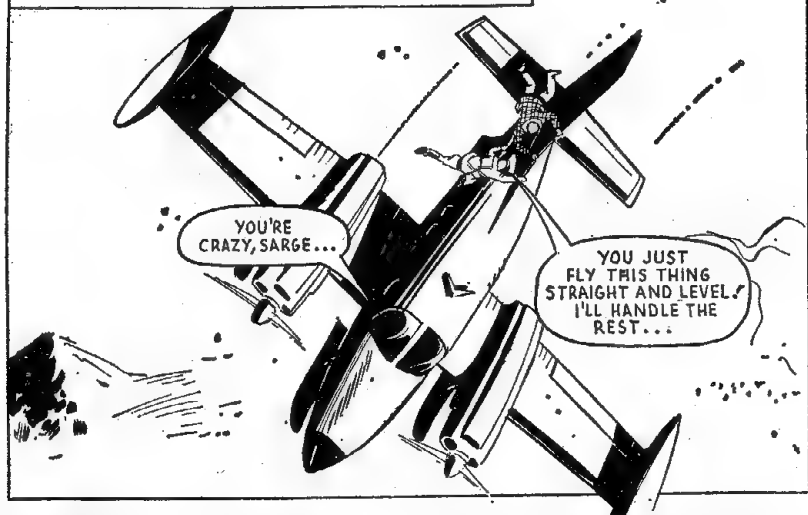
THE PACK FELL AWAY AND KLASKI SLID ALONG THE ROOF, ENDING UP CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THE TAIL-FIN.



SERGEANT DAWSON YELLED TO THE TERRIFIED MAN ...



THE MOUNTIE DUCKED INSIDE AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, REAPPEARED ... WITH A PARACHUTE ON HIMSELF.



IT NEEDED ALL THE TOUGH SERGEANT'S STRENGTH TO LIFT HIMSELF UP AND ON TO THE FUSELAGE...



THEN, INCH BY INCH, HE EDGED ALONG TOWARDS THE TAIL. THE ICY WIND PLUCKED AT HIS CLOTHES AND FROZE HIS FINGERS TO THE BONE.



KLASKI'S EYES WERE GLAZED WITH FEAR, HIS HANDS BLUE WITH COLD.



AT LAST THE SERGEANT REACHED THE TAIL AFTER AN AGONISING ORDEAL.



BUT THE CROOK HELD ON EVEN TIGHTER. SERGEANT DAWSON SHRUGGED AND...



KLASKI SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS FROM THAT SHORT-ARM RIGHT. THE SERGEANT GRABBED HIM... AND THEY FELL CLEAR...



THE SINGLE PARACHUTE SNAPPED OPEN AS SERGEANT DAWSON PULLED THE RIPCORD...



HECK! THAT
GROUND'S COMING
UP MIGHTY FAST
... BUT AT LEAST
WE'RE FREE OF
THE TREES!



FORTUNATELY, A DRIFT OF SNOW BROKE THEIR HEAVY LANDING...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, KLASKI GAVE A GROAN AND LOOKED DAZEDLY ABOUT HIM...



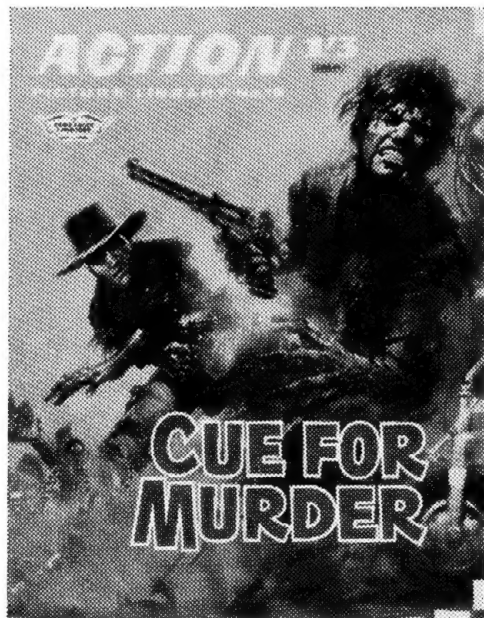
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